Theatre Managers of the New Type

They Are Men of Business. Their Diversions.

Frank Sanger, who died last week, was one of the theatrical managers least known to the public. He had not during the later years of his career been associated with any of the New York productions that attracted attention; he was part owner of many plays that were produced with great success in other cities.

He bought, for instance, "The Sign of the Cross" at a low cost, and it was for six seasons played with immense financial profit all over the country. His other theatrical interests, while they were not heard of outside the profession, were nearly all profitable. He was part owner of the Empire Theatre, and his investments in theatrical real estate all turned out well.

Like some other managers, Mr. Sanger made his friends, so far as he could, outside of his own business. That is the present style among the theatrical men.

They like to belong to clubs to which the members of their own profession are rarely admitted. They keep assiduously away from the places to which their associates habitually go. Having reached the standing of business men themselves, they seek the society of men of importance in other lines of business.

Charles Frohman, perhaps, is an exception to this new tendency. He is entirely absorbed in his business.

He lives at Sherry's, in a comfortable, but not lavish, suite of rooms, and usually has a country house, which he occupies in the summer months. He dines usually in the company of one or two congenial friends, generally men of his own business or allied with it, and is not infrequently seen in the society of dramatists and actors.

When Paul Potter is in this country he and Mr. Frohman are often in each other's society, and during the winter that Charles Hawtrey played in New York he and Mr. Frohman were together at dinner in the Holland House nearly every night. But all public dinners he avoids, and even the first nights of his own plays are often given without his presence, because he objects to any kind of publicity.

The cuisine at his country house, near Port Chester, is under the care of a cordon bleu, whom Mr. Frohman brought from Paris. Here, during the late summer and early fall months, after his London business has been completed and before the winter season has begun here, Mr. Frohman lives in quiet and unostentatious luxury, enjoying his yacht, his automobile and his chef, with his friends, but above all, thinking, talking and having his greatest pleasure out of his business.

Daniel Frohman takes more interest in society than any of the other theatrical managers. Until his marriage last winter he lived with his sisters on the upper West Side. Now, Mr. and Mrs. Frohman divide their time between this home and their unique apartments in the New Lyceum Theatre, where they have arranged a suite of attractive living rooms, to which they occasionally resort when they have been kept out late or do not for some other reason care to take the long trip uptown.

Mr. Frohman delights in entertaining. He loves to gather his professional friends around him as well as those from society. Sometimes at dinner Mr. Frohman gathers stars enough to supply the entire theatrical syndicate. At one of his dinners last winter Mr. and Mrs. Sothern, Julia Marlowe, Mr. and Mrs. Faversham, Mr. and Mrs. John Drew, Mrs. Langtry, Clyde Fitch and Henry Miller were among the guests.

Mr. Frohman is devoted to music, and, although not a performer himself, he manages to make music, for he has endeavored to make up for a lack of musical education by the possession of nearly every known kind of mechanical apparatus to play the piano.

At all of Mr. Frohman's dinners he makes it a point to have as guests several persons who will be interesting when they are thrown together. He will have, for instance, two dramatists whose views are not the same on the subject of their profession and who can be relied on to make the conversation brisker by their differences. Sometimes it will be two distinguished actors who thus are pitted against each other, and at other times a brace of musicians.

Abraham Erlanger, head of the theatrical trust and partner of Marc Klaw, has since the election of his brother to be Sheriff, associated more and more with politicians, and his theatrical friends, outside of his business relations, are few. He lives far up on the West Side. His wife is interested in many charities of the church to which she belongs and is also an active promoter of other benevolent enterprises.

Mr. Erlanger is a powerful man to look at, although not tall, but he is much stronger even than his appearance suggests. He has a trainer who works with him regularly, and when he made his first trip to Europe, a few months ago, he took his trainer along, rather than miss his exercise during the trip on the steamer. Like Al Hayman, he represents in the highest degree the modern conception of the theatre manager. He is a man of business, just as a banker or a merchant. There is none of the old time suggestion of bohemianism about the theatre manager of the day.

Mr. Hayman, who is commonly reputed to be the richest man in the business, spends part of his time in this country and part of it in Europe, travelling in his yacht or resting at one of the foreign spas. Think of such a course of life and the theatre manager of twenty-five years ago.

Marc Klaw, who is associated with Mr. Erlanger in the control of the theatrical syndicate, lives in winter in an apartment house uptown with his two sons, and in the summer goes to his house at New Rochelle. He is devoted to the education of the two boys, with whom he spends most of his spare time.

One of them has artistic talent and is to be a painter so soon as he is old enough to go to Paris to begin his studies. He is not yet sufficiently mature, in the opinion of his father, who is probably not unaffected by his desire to keep the boy near him as long as possible. But Mr. Klaw has almost decided to allow him to go to Paris next fall.

David Belasco, who is unlike the rest of these men in that he controls every artistic detail of his theatre as well as its business features, conforms much more to the older idea of the manager.

The tendency of theatrical affairs in recent years has been to concentrate the business end of the enterprise in the hands of a manager and to hire the best artistic talent available to direct the artistic phase of the business. But Mr. Belasco, like Augustin Daly, looks after his theatre from one end to the other, and that makes for him an entirely different kind of life from that which his colleagues are able to lead.

He cannot be in his office all day, but must wander from his paint galleries to his cellar when he is preparing the production of a new play. At such times he literally lives in his theatre. He keeps his actors there with him much of the time, but even in their hour of recreation he is compelled to be occupied.

His home is on the upper West Side, and there, with his wife and two daughters, he spends his moments of leisure. He is usually in the office of his theatre until late every night, going through the details that he has had no time for during the day.

He often has his assistants come to him there late at night that he may have greater quiet to discuss with them some feature of a new play. It may be some novel scene that he has thought of and wants to talk over with his scene painter, or it may be that a novel effect has suggested itself to him and he wants to discover from his stage carpenter if it is practicable.

While he conforms in more ways than any of his colleagues to the traditional idea of a theatre manager, he is not in the least lacking in business acumen, and in his management of his interests during recent years he has revealed the possession of great business skill.

When the business of the day, or rather of the night, is over, Mr. Belasco, who is as abstemious as he is untiring, usually goes with one or two intimate friends to a chop house on the West Side to eat a frugal meal before going to bed. He is so likely to be at his theatre by 9 o'clock the next morning that his employees have a theory that he never sleeps.

The two Shubert brothers are the newest comers in metropolitan management and are the youngest that ever played so important a part in theatricals here. They live at an apartment hotel and are to be seen almost every night in a chop house to which members of their profession often resort.

They sit usually about a table with some members of their business staff, discussing past achievements or future plans. With the enthusiasm of beginners, they enjoy the night side of theatrical life in New York in a way that men longer in the business would find impossible.

William A. Brady is another enthusiastic patron of this uptown chop house and is usually found with the two young managers, with whom he is associated in business.

Harrison Gray Fiske devotes part of his time to the management of the Manhattan Theatre and is usually found in the places that other managers do not frequent, since he is as a rule at war with them. He lives in a hotel on Madison avenue, where his wife also makes her home when in the city. Mr. Fiske's diversions are chiefly literary, and he has time in spite of the duty of conducting a newspaper and managing a theatre to try his hand at playwriting occasionally.

Jacob Litt lives in Yonkers and spends much of his time there, delegating his duties in managing the Broadway in a large measure to his lieutenants, with whom he keeps in constant touch.

Oscar Hammerstein, the most picturesque among all the theatre managers and the one who has built most theatres, lives with his family on the upper East Side when he is not in his theatre. He has also rooms at his theatre and has frequently lived in them for a month at a time.

He has been in the theatre almost continuously now for the past three weeks engaged in planning the new summer sensation for his roof garden, the nature of which is a profound secret. If it is a failure nobody will be so quick to admit it as Mr. Hammerstein.

He is different from other managers in that particular also. He has been heard while watching his roof garden programme to make amusing criticisms of the artists he engaged abroad and found disappointing. Once he came up to a SUN reporter.

"Isn't that fellow rotten?" he observed in passing. "And to think that I am paying him $100 a week! Isn't it robbery?"

In addition to his theatrical interests, Mr. Hammerstein has his inventions that keep him occupied, and he has a complete workshop in his theatre. He is rarely seen in any other theatre, and any "Who's Who" biographer who tried to name his diversion would find it difficult. He has none outside of his work.

Alf Hayman, who is a member of the Frohman forces, made his appearance unostentatiously as a theatre manager this year with the most successful musical farce of the winter, and is destined soon to be a more important operator. He has as his principal pleasure golf, which he has played for some years with greater skill than the average.

C. B. Dillingham, who has in West Fifty-ninth street one of the handsomest bachelor apartments in town, is devoted to automobiling and has three machines that represent in cost upward of $40,000. He has a handsome country house at White Plains, which he occupies for as much of the summer as he does not spend in London.

Henry Harris, manager of the Hudson Theatre, is another business man who has many more interests than ever appear in public. In addition to managing and owning the Hudson he is interested in the ownership of several city theatres. He reaches his office usually at 9 A. M., and is occupied there with the regularity of a man of mercantile business until late in the afternoon.

READY TO MEET RYAN.

Jack O'Brien Agrees to Fight Tommy for Middleweight Title.

Jack O'Brien of Philadelphia thinks that he is entitled to recognition as a contender for the middleweight title and wants to fight Tommy Ryan, who is acknowledged as the head of this class. O'Brien has done yeoman work in the ring of late, defeating such formidable opponents as Mike Schreck of Cincinnati, Jack Sullivan of Boston and last but not least the redoubtable Kid Carter. This is a fine record, and O'Brien, the experts think, should get first crack at Ryan.

"I have never shirked a match with anybody during my career in the ring," said O'Brien yesterday, "and I consider it Ryan's duty to meet me. I am willing to arrange a match on conditions that no doubt suit him. At least I will face him at the middleweight limit, 158 pounds. If he is the champion at this weight, as many credit him with being, he cannot very well ignore me without suffering loss of prestige. I do not consider a short bout of any account. It is always unsatisfactory. If he will arrange a battle, say for twenty rounds, at San Francisco, there is no reason why we should not draw a crowded house. If Ryan beats me I will take my hat off to him and acknowledge him as my superior. If Ryan consents to accept my challenge I will post a forfeit with Al Smith to show that I am strictly in earnest.

BOUND TO AMUSE THE GUESTS.

ENTERTAINERS OF ALL KINDS INVADE ATLANTIC CITY.

Shows in Hotel Parlors Ranging From a Lad With a Jewsharp to a Musical Reading of "Parsifal"—Cakewalkers, Palm Readers, Trained Dogs and Cats.

ATLANTIC CITY, April 30.—The guests, men and women, of one of the big hotels down here were seated comfortably and conversationally around the ample and luxurious office parlor after dinner the other evening when a huge man in evening clothes, with a tremendous beard of inky hue to match his raiment, lumbered in by way of the storm doors. He was followed by a short skirted young girl who looked a good deal like him, and was presumably his daughter.

She carried a roll of music. None of the guests had ever seen the big black bearded man and his companion before, but the roll of music in the girl's hand gave those who had been here for a week or so a pretty fair inkling of what was to come off.

The pursy man with the buccaneer beard moved heavily to the far end of the office parlor, while the young girl took her place at the piano next the wall in the middle of the room and struck a chord or two. The man pushed one foot out before him and arrived at the attitude that pleased him.

"By request," he said in a high voice that had an oddly incongruous sound proceeding from the throat of a man of his stature and bulk and beardedness, "I will sing Tosti's——" and he mentioned the song.

The young girl at the piano played the prelude chords, and then the big man sang. He wasn't such a hopelessly bad singer, either. He had a fair idea of music and his high tenor voice had obviously received some cultivation. But the song was very saccharine and sentimental, and it seemed queer to listen to a man weighing 250 pounds and 6 feet high and with a Spanish Main beard doing that sort of thing.

He sang two or three more songs, all of the sugary-mawkish variety, and then walked over to the hotel desk, picked up a bellboy's salver, and passed it around, shoving it under the noses of the guests, men and women. There was the ring of quarters and occasional half dollars on the salver, but everybody who chipped in looked sort of chagrined and ill at ease, and even disgusted.

"How in blazes he can do it," growled a man in a far corner of the office parlor when the black bearded man and the young girl had gone, "gets my time. I'd rather chaperon a dray for $6 a week any time than do what that unabashed lout is doing."

The man with the black beard was simply a type of the queer Atlantic City hotel entertainer, so called. These hotel entertainers get down here for the Easter crush, and they hang around, doing their office parlor stunts, until late in the fall.

They are of all sorts, from the little spider legged and overtrained girl, of a marvellous figurative freshness, who does the frayed and frazzled cakewalk with a red silk hat and a beribboned cane, to the accompaniment of ragtime music, generally played by her mother, to the ungainly, yellow haired, more or less young woman, who, in the supposedly Grecian cheese cloth apparelling, does the "Curfew Shall Not," &c., and even the mad scene of *Ophelia*. Some of them are just a little less painful than the others, but all of them are endowed with phenomenal and unbreakable nerve.

The cakewalking little girl is a thorn in the flesh of any normal minded seaside hotel guest; but there are already more than a dozen of her making the nightly rounds of the hotel offices and sun parlors. Her mother is usually a somewhat seedy, solemn visaged person, who surveys the guests' children who don't know how to cakewalk with palpable disdain.

The dancing young ones all appear to have danced themselves to a state of emaciation that makes them look as if they had been drawn through knot holes, and their voices have a raucous, juvenile huskiness that falls very disagreeably upon the ear. They are very impudent, too.

One of them loudly jangled the coins on her salver under the noses of a couple of middle aged women who were enjoying an off-in-the-corner conversation the other evening.

"Really, little girl," said one of the women to the cakewalking young one, "my purse is in my room. I am sorry."

"You're no such a thing sorry!" snapped the lovable little creature. "You're just cheap, that's all!" and the matronly woman who had spoken flushed as the child passed on, rattling her salver.

The more or less young women who recite in the hotel parlors are hard enough upon the nervous people who get down to the beach at this season of the year, but they're nothing like so insupportable as the men who go in for this sort of seaside hotel elocution.

One of the latter, a tallow haired young man with an amazingly curled flaxen mustache, is performing his famous impersonation of the man in Poe's "Raven" at the hotels. He has all of the lights of the office parlor darkened, and then he seats himself in a deep leathern chair beside a table on which is a reading lamp.

Then, with the light of the reading lamp shining on his face, he recites "The Raven," with all sorts of wild gestures and imprecations of his rolling mild blue eyes, doing the utmost he knows to throw out the impression of a dissipated devil of a fellow. As a performance it has regrettable effects. Before the "Nevermore" young chap has got half way through his somewhat lisped ravings about night's Plutonian shore and things, most of the men in the darkened parlor sneak out the side door, and then on down to the Boardwalk, to drink themselves into a state of calmness.

Then there is the mop-haired young man who gives the musical reading of "Parsifal" in the Atlantic City office parlors of evenings. He sits at the piano and talks raptly of *Parsifal* and *Kundry* and *Amfortas* to the accompaniment of occasional leit motif chords which he punches in D major.

He quotes long passages from the "Parsifal" book in German that sounds suspiciously Hobokenese; then translates the passages in a still more mystifying kind of English; whereupon he hands the keys another thump or so—"just to give the house a tone," a brutal New York man remarked disgustedly when he did this—and then goes ahead and talks some more about the witching temptatiousness of *Kundry* and how the lady seemed to lose out at that sort of thing.

Now, the majority of the folks at the hotels down here just now are people with winter livers or other disorders incident to the cooped-up cold weather period. The men are mostly business men, and the women are their matronly and wholly comfortable, if matter-of-fact, wives.

It is a study to watch their countenances while this "Parsifal" piano-guttural rhapsody is in progress. Hogarth never caught a more convincing reflex of the mental state called satiety.

The young man also gives a musical reading of "Lohengrin," and it is a queer thing to see him, after he finishes his personally conducted conversazione about that castle by men called Monsalvat which lies in the distant land by ways hidden and remote, hop in quite a sprightly and business-like manner from the piano stool and make the salver-jingling rounds for backsheesh. The effect is almost as stunning as if Walter Damrosch were to do it.

Equally terrifying is the rather anæmic-appearing young woman who gives readings from Tennyson's Round Table idyls in the hotel parlors of evenings. A somewhat beefy and plebeian-looking young man does the music for these readings on the piano.

It is only fair to him to state that he looks excruciatingly bored while the young woman, made up as the lily maid of Astolat twangs the sing-song lyre about the goings and comings of Lancelot and Elaine and the remainder of the occupants of suites in the tow rs of Camelot, and he even yawns sleepily at frequent intervals and gazes at the young woman out of the slits of his eyes in a tired sort of way.

He does the passing around of the plate when it's all over. He may be generally found, along toward midnight, playing pinochle in the back room of a lower Boardwalk bierstube, and looking more comfortable.

A separate species of these Atlantic City hotel entertainers are the palmists, phrenologists, clairvoyants, fortune tellers, mind readers, and such, who infest the larger caravansaries from the beginning to the wind-up of the season.

The palmists and phrenologists are a particularly numerous and insistent lot. They are mostly sodden-seeming Germans or Swedes, with hopelessly untidy hands and a pungent aroma of the lees of alcohol. They move in and out among the guests, men and women, with their humble, greasy smiles and their "Palms ret?" or "Heads ret?" queries, and they appear to get the business and the money, in spite of their non-engaging exteriors.

The male guests don't fall for their game to any noticeable extent, especially since a pretty woman who bears a remarkable resemblance to Zelie de Lussan arrayed for the rôle of *Carmen* started about a week ago to tour the big hotels of evenings, looking for palm-reading business. And she gets all the business that she can attend to, and exclusively from the men.

Inasmuch as she is astonishingly pretty in her spangled Spanish bolero and velvet skirt and bullfighter's turban, the women have voted her a bold baggage, who ought not to be allowed to practise her fakish art around hotels frequented by quiet people. The men, however, quite fail to share in this view, and they virtually stand in line to get their palms read when the Spanish-diked girl makes her appearance.

She carries 'em off to cosy corners in palm rooms and sun parlors and such, so that the other folks won't hear her reading of each individual's palm; and the reprobates seem to be only too willing to be carried off in this fashion, even under the glaring eyes of their wives.

One of the parlor entertainers whose performance is really something tangible and worth while and who is getting the money in all colors at the hotels is a self-contained little ruffian of a street urchin, about 12, who is a perfect master of the mouth organ and also of that now so rarely heard instrument, the Jew's harp.

This lad came down here from Philadelphia to make the season selling papers on the Boardwalk, but somebody heard him amusing himself with a mouth organ one night and tipped him off that he was too strong with the harmonica thing to have any occasion to sell papers. Since them the youngster has been doing the hotel parlors, and he is in such demand now that the hotel people are booking him, whereas most of these entertainers have to scramble for bookings and stand the chance of many turndowns.

The urchin is away ahead of the average vaudeville mouth organ performer, and there is nothing for him to learn in connection with the Jew's harp. He plays selections from the grand operas with absolute correctness, to a note, on the mouth organ, in spite of the fact that in looks and speech he is just a street tad and nothing else. It's an off night for him when he doesn't pick up $20 or even more around the hotel parlors with his harmonica and Jew's harp.

The peripatetic silhouette cutters and crayon makers who tour the hotels are not up to any more art than they need, but they appear to make a pretty fair thing of it. They do their work in silence, at any rate, which causes quite a little stream of quarters and halves to flow their way out of the gratitude of the donaters' hearts.

Finally, there are several parlor animal shows exhibiting at the various hotels that are at least far more endurable than the cakewalking child or the "Parsifal" man. They consist of small packs of trained dogs and cats, handled by chaps who are expert at that sort of thing.

One very well known dog show man, who tours the legitimate vaudeville houses with his dogs during the winter months, is giving a parlor animal show with his crew of fox terriers and collies. He is a sufficiently self-respecting man to despise the passing-the-hat feature of the business, but he says that he makes twice as much money showing off his dogs at the summer hotels as he does on the vaudeville stage and he is well paid, too.

THIS IS ONION SUNDAY,

And Unrestricted Appetites May Be Satisfied on the Rialto.

To-day is a festival with the wandering theatrical folk, for it means the beginning of the rule of unrestricted appetites upon the Rialto. It is Onion Sunday, a festival always observed along upper Broadway, the day after the regular theatrical season is supposed to close, and actors can eat what they will—even onions—without fear of a reprimand from the leading ladies they are compelled to make love to upon the stage.

Twenty-seven theatrical companies closed their seasons last night, and to-day the actors will be on Broadway to celebrate the end of the dieting of thirty weeks and more. The first thing the average actor orders for his dinner when he strikes Broadway again is a large juicy steak smothered in onions.

The chop houses along Broadway have been getting ready for Onion Sunday the past week, and the actors will find a welcome supply of the odorous vegetable, no matter which way they turn. The delicious odor will sweep up and down the Rialto, and be sniffed by the hungry leading men, who may pursue it to its source and there consume whole bushels of the dainty morsel long denied them.

Of course, while an actor is on the road, and compelled to consider the opinions of the lady he makes love to, he dare not eat onions. A leading man who dared to eat onions while playing with an actress of recognized standing in her profession would be instantly dismissed.

Reversing the situation, a leading lady supporting a star must deny herself the dainty but fragrant vegetable, for she, too, may be compelled to submit to an embrace and the business of the play may compel her to recline languishingly in the hero's arms, gazing upward into his flashing black eyes, while he tells her of his love. If she has been eating onions, the actor might forget his lines.

Occasionally a leading man and a leading lady who have developed congenial tastes have been known to dine together, and then, if both eat onions, each is immune to the effect of the onions eaten by the other. If a villain has to make wrongful love to the leading lady, then he must be taken into the secret also, and eat onions on a certain day.

Sometimes an entire company, that has been travelling on one night stands for a long time, sets aside a certain day when every member of the company is privileged to eat onions. Any actor who fails to take advantage of the liberty thus accorded him deserves the punishment he receives at night.

A recent development of American slang can easily be traced to the institution of Onion Sunday. If any one wishes to speak very disrespectfully of an actor, intimating that he is about the limit so far as absolute badness is concerned, it is customary along the Rialto to say:

"He's an onion."

Sometimes the saying is varied into:

"He's a Bermuda."

As only actors in very inferior companies would dare to disregard the unwritten law about eating onions during the season, the inference is obvious that the person so designated must be a very poor actor.

Her Solicitude.

From the Baltimore American.

They had just telephoned from downtown that hubby was seriously injured and was fast losing consciousness.

The poor wife was distracted.

Grief, perplexity, exasperation, were on her face.

At last she gasped into the mouthpiece of the 'phone:

"I suspect I cannot get down there in time, for my new hat hasn't come from the milliner's yet. But if I can't, please ask him, before he loses consciousness, what he did with the theatre tickets for to-night."

And then, her grief obtaining mastery, she fell in a dead faint.

Lackawanna Railroad

THE WONDROUS SIGHT OF MOUNTAIN HEIGHT AT WATER GAP, BRINGS SUCH DELIGHT SHE MUST ALIGHT TO WALK A MITE BESIDE THE ROAD OF ANTHRACITE.

BEST WAY TO BUFFALO

THE LACKAWANNA LIMITED, A SOLID VESTIBULE TRAIN WITH PULLMAN OBSERVATION CAR, DINING CAR AND HIGH-BACK SEAT COACHES, LEAVES NEW YORK DAILY AT 10 A. M., ARRIVING BUFFALO 7:55 P. M., AFFORDING DELIGHTFUL DAYLIGHT TRIP ACROSS THE HIGHLANDS OF NEW JERSEY, THROUGH THE FAMOUS DELAWARE WATER GAP AND OVER THE POCONO MOUNTAINS. OTHER TRAINS AT CONVENIENT HOURS EQUIPPED WITH THROUGH PULLMAN SLEEPERS BETWEEN

New York, Chicago and St. Louis

SPECIAL COACH EXCURSION TO WORLD'S FAIR AT ST. LOUIS, MAY 11. ROUND TRIP TICKETS FROM NEW YORK, $18. FOR PARTICULARS WRITE T. W. LEE, GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT LACKAWANNA RAILROAD, NEW YORK CITY.

IN A VERMONT GRAVEYARD.

STORY OF THE MARBLE TOMB AT CUTTINGSVILLE.

It Records the Devotion of a Husband to His Wife's Memory—The Tragedy of Taddie Told in Verse—A Noncommittal Epitaph—John O'Brien's Lament

There is the long, straight, well kept street stretching in both directions as far as eye can see, shaded by double rows of ancient elms arching over the broad roadway, and dotted on either hand with white houses, the homes of the villagers of consequence. Half way through the street are a group of stores, the blacksmith's shop, and, a little further on, the hotel, where centres on week days the activity of the region for miles around.

Across the way, in a group of pines, stands the meeting house, grim, unwelcoming, and surrounded by the graves of generations gone, with here and there among the sagging stones and sinking turf a newmade mound which tells that still another generation is passing.

A brook, clear as crystal, comes tumbling down from the nearest foothills, finds its way to the village street, passes under a rude, red covered bridge and dances along to mingle with the greater waters of Lake Champlain or the Connecticut.

Off to the east and west, rising range on range, are distant mountains of deepest green and overhead a cloud flecked sky of blue. Such is a valley village of Vermont in early summer.

Many a Green Mountain village is deserving a degree of fame never accorded to it for its beauty alone; but when, in addition to physical loveliness, the village can boast of one of the most interesting country churchyards—disregarding historic associations—in New England, and of a mausoleum that would be conspicuous in Montmartre or Père La Chaise of Paris or the Campo Santo of Genoa, it has a double right to recognition.

Cuttingsville, Vt., is a peaceful little community of about four hundred souls, and lies twelve miles south of Rutland in one of the deepest valleys of that deeply furrowed State. Most of its inhabitants are pleased to have been born there, are content to live there, and would as soon die there as elsewhere.

About the time Stephen A. Douglas, himself a Vermonter by birth, remarked that "Vermont was a good State to be born in but a mighty poor one to live in," there was a young man in Cuttingsville who was an exception to its average citizen. He was becoming discontented with his opportunities and agreed with Mr. Douglas. He followed his inclination, and succeeded probably beyond his expectations, for it was only twenty years later that he returned to his native village a reputed millionaire, determined to spend his remaining days in the place he had learned, during his long absence, to love.

He at once actively interested himself in local affairs, bought the finest tract of land on the main street and built a residence suitable to his wealth. He was public spirited, generous to those in want and affable with all, and the village soon felt a genuine pride, untinged with envy, in its richest citizen.

The house was, however, barely ready for occupancy when his wife suddenly sickened and died. He was childless and his loss seemed to make a different man of him.

From this time on his thoughts were no longer of this life, and his place, his friends and his appearance were equally neglected. His one interest was the grave of the dead, and by it were spent all his waking hours.

Work was begun the following spring on a mausoleum intended for the reception of his wife's body and eventually for his own. When it was completed the body was exhumed and placed therein; and his own followed twelve years later.

Up to the time of his last illness he never failed to spend many hours a day within the tomb, occupied in either reading or writing.

The mausoleum fronts the village street and is directly across from the home of the owner. It is of marble, built somewhat after the style of a Greek temple and about twelve feet in width by fourteen in depth and perhaps twelve feet high. The walls of the interior are lined with mirrors, that give it an appearance of limitless extent, and it is furnished with several chairs, a table and a footstool.

There was a clause in the will of the builder setting aside a sum of money for the care of the tomb and for the maintenance of a large greenhouse intended to supply fresh flowers for the decoration of his last resting place.

As the doorway is wide and closed only by a swinging gate, it is always light within the tomb.

On the upper step of the marble flight leading from the street to the doorway stands a life size granite statue of the mourner. He is dressed in the conventional garb of grief and is bowed in woe. One hand holds his silk hat. In the other is a wreath of immortelles he is about to lay upon the tomb of the dead, while down his cheek courses a stony tear.

In a remote corner of the same cemetery is a granite shaft that tells its own story. Across the base is inscribed the one word, "Taddie," followed by the dates of birth and death and above on the shaft proper the following lines:

Devoted—true
Ten happy years through,
Two lovers.
Then a vixen's tongue
Taddie's gentle heart stung,
Death hovers.
Day appointed to wed
Found one living, one dead,
Two lovers.

On the reverse side of the shaft appears the following:

So gentle yet so grand,
From some diviner land,
She seemed astray.

The voices of these hills,
The charm that's in their rills,
She was as they.

The loveliest things of earth
Assumed a lovelier worth
Living by her side.

And from the souls she fed
Life's richest blessing fled
When Taddie died.

Not far away is a moss covered headstone with an inscription indicating some doubt, in the minds of those left behind, of the genuine worthiness of the deceased.

Here lies the body of Tobias Brown,
Born April 1, 1793.
Passed into glory July 26, 1844.

He appeared to be a good citizen, a just magistrate, a devoted husband and an indulgent father. His true character will be known at the Day of Judgment.

In leaving this cemetery one must take pains to follow the path that leads past the grave of John O'Brien. The inscription is brief, but how much is summed up in it! The lines read:

Here lies the body of
John O'Brien
Born in Cork, Ireland,
Feb. 4, 1818
Died in Cuttingsville, Vt.,
July 13, 1856.
Oh, God! Why did I come so far to die?

MEN

YOUNG AND OLD
Send for my FREE
BLUE BOOK, which treats of all physical afflictions. Sealed and without marks.
My scientific treatment and advice, based upon 25 years of successful practice in AMERICA and EUROPE, will help you. Dr. H. H. KANE, 136 West 34th St., N. Y.